

RUNAWAY JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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Seventh Episode—The Tormentors.

SEE THE PICTURES AT THE COLONIAL EVERY FRIDAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE Widow O'Keefe stooped quickly and snatched something from the floor while five strangers peered into every alcove and corner of the two rooms and bath which comprised the Widow O'Keefe's top floor suite. The object was a small snapshot of June.

The deserted husband of pretty June Warner was at the hall door with his hand reached out for the knob, and in another instant Ned Warner and June would have been face to face. In that instant the Widow O'Keefe whipped the snapshot under her apron, and the very swiftness of the motion struck into the corner of Ned Warner's restless eyes. He turned and he and the father of June glanced at each other. There was something suspicious in the bent and warped and withered Widow O'Keefe and her tall slip of a son. Ned came abruptly from the door and renewed his search. At that very moment June, just outside, had paused on the third step from the bottom to retrieve the bow upon her sunny little slipper and to give it a vigorous pat to make it behave and stay in place.

Sam young Sammy O'Keefe walked to the window, whistling, and glanced out with an air of great indifference. On the other side of the street stood Officer Toole, and his eyes roved anxiously from window to window of the narrow, dingy slice of a house which was the Widow O'Keefe's. At sight of Sammy Officer Toole pointed energetically toward the door. He waved both arms and pointed toward the doorway. Sammy then slipped quietly out of the room.

June! The listless Sammy used the next quickest method to witless. With one needless spring he straddled the banister rail, whizzed around the curve and down to June, who was halfway up the stairs, jumped off with a footstep as light as a feather, grabbed the astounded girl by the wrist and dragged her down the steps at the risk of both their necks. Sammy shoved June into the second floor hall closet. Sammy locked the door and set the springs in his thin legs to work and was sitting lazily on the top step, broad and whistling softly, when Ned Warner and Mr. and Mrs. John Moore and Bobby and Iris Blithers came out. Bobby extremely dejected and Iris explaining volubly that it was all a mistake. June couldn't possibly have been here. But she must have been, after all, because—Still, how could it be?

June in the dark closet, shut off from all light and sound, stood bewildered, her eyes distended in the darkness, while Ned stood not two feet away from her. He had paused before that very door, as if some delicate magnetism had caught and held him there. No trace of her anywhere; no trace of Marie, the French Canadian maid with the high cheek bones; no trace of the mysterious black Vandyke man, whom none of them had dared to mention to the Widow O'Keefe. Gilbert Rye! Ned sniffed his fists, and his brow grew black as his mind filled with the image of that dark, handsome face with its glowing eyes and suave smile. That image had never been absent from Ned's mind since the disappearance of his beautiful bride. A thousand times that succession of incidents had flashed upon his memory with vivid clearness—June asleep in the Pullman drawing room on their honeymoon trip, while he, up forward, happily smoked; the finding her gone after the train had left Tazewell; the discovery that she had been helped by the black Vandyke man to board a local bound for New York; Ned's chase after them in an express train, and his train pulling alongside them in the approach to the Grand Central station; the sight, through the windows of the parallel cars, of that suave stranger bending over June with his infernal smile, and her smiling up at him; Rye following June's taxi in another from the station, and Ned's fruitless pursuit in a third taxi; the chase out to Brynport that same night, when June had returned her clothes and Marie; the return chase, where Ned had seen June and Marie step into Rye's luxurious limousine, and she and whirled away with him! Everywhere that Ned had found a trace of June he had found a trace of Gilbert Rye, and he wished to live for one thing—to meet Rye face to face and with his bare hands strangle that scoundrel to death!

Ned became aware of the Widow O'Keefe eying him from midway of the stairs. She was a frail looking old woman, with her gnarled hands clasped before her, but her beady little eyes were as sharp as the unexpected fives from dull jewels, and there was not one move of Ned's party which escaped her. Sammy, still whistling with unconcern, was so perfectly set gazing at the closet door that it was a wonder no one asked for the key.

"We're waiting our time," finally said Iris Blithers. "We're probably letting them get away." And June's friend took her husband with her. The rest of the party followed.

Meanwhile Marie, disguised in the suffocating tight black mourning outfit of the Widow O'Keefe, was many blocks out of the danger zone, smothering in a telephone booth and calling up the place where June had gone to work. Mrs. Villard was not in her beautiful home up the Hudson, nor was Miss June there. They had gone into the city, but the maid gave Marie a telephone number. Mrs. Villard answered that call from a gorgeously furnished room where half a dozen stung, and her kindly face showed immediate concern when she learned that June must not come home to the Widow O'Keefe's.

"Why?" she naturally wanted to know.

"Well, you're a friend of hers, aren't you?" hesitated Marie.

"Of course," smiled Mrs. Villard, and before her rose the fresh young face of pretty June.

"Well, then I'll tell you," Marie threw her thick black veil over her shoulder for the twentieth time, and a drop of perspiration trickled down her nose. "I'm her maid Marie, and she mustn't come home."

"But she's already started," worried Mrs. Villard. "She's probably there by this time. Why mustn't she come home?"

"Has she?" And the voice of Marie cracked. "Oh! Goodby! How am I to get her away from this?"

"Wait a minute!" This seemed to be no time for asking questions. "I'll come down in my car!"

"Oh, yes, do!" gasped Marie, nearly pulling the transmitter off the wall. "Goodby! I have to hurry!"

"Wait a minute! Wait, Marie! Where am I to come?"

"Oh, yes!" And Marie gulped. "It's the Widow O'Keefe's, at the corner of Deshley street and Duck alley, right



A Severe Looking Man Came Out to Meet Them.

across from Tim Courcy's saloon. Any policeman can tell you the place. Hurry!" And Marie, starting another man in the Widow O'Keefe's mourning dress, plunged out of the telephone booth, battling for air.

Mrs. Villard stood at the phone a moment, with a musing smile growing upon her lips; then she gave the number of a magnificent club. The man whom a brass buttoned page brought through the marble corridors from the leather hung library to answer the call wore a suave smile and a black Vandyke.

"This is Mrs. Villard, Gilbert," came the low, sweet voice. "I have something very important to tell you, June."

"Oh!" Gilbert Rye stroked his black Vandyke with his long, lean, white fingers. "I'll join you immediately wherever you say."

"Shall I stop at your club?"

"Please," Gilbert Rye walked out of the telephone booth, sent for his hat and sat in the reception room near the door.

The family limousine of the Moores had no sooner rolled away from the widow's house than Sammy O'Keefe unlocked the closet door in proud self approbation.

"What was it?" June asked.

"Your husband, miss." And the Widow O'Keefe laughed her cackling triumph and rubbed her gnarled hands over each other. "It's small satisfaction he got out of me and Sammy with his pryn and inquisitive!"

"Ned!" cried June, and she clutched at the banister rail. "He was here?"

"Right where you're standin', miss. And your father and mother and—"

"Daddy! Mummy!" The tears gathered.

"Don't you mind, darlin'," encour-

aged the widow heartily. "They got nothin' out of either Sammy or me, Sammy. I'm proud of you, boy. I didn't know you could lie so good, and I'll never believe anything you tell me again. And there was a couple of your friends, miss—beary couple of young women that never left off talkin' or laughin' or cryin' or somethin' one minute after the other and her husband, a henpecked little fellow that'll be no trouble until he gets waked up some day; then watch out for his kind. My Dan was that way. I could bullyrag that poor devil night and day till I see the glint begin to come in his eye—Why, darlin', what's the matter? Sammy, you big simpleton, why don't you get Miss June a glass of water! And be quick, will you?"

Jabbering out all her pent up excitement, not a word of which June had heard, she helped the colorless, half fainting girl up to her own rooms and mothered around her with a solicitude which was fully as lively as her tongue and far more sincere.

June might as well have been alone for all that she was conscious of the O'Keefe ministrations. They had been here, here in these very rooms, Ned, her father and mother! How she longed for them! How she wished they had found her! And a great flood of love surged up in her. She must see them! She must go to them at once! She must give up this foolish fight for a romantic ideal and be just a girl, and return to her own people, and be petted and forgiven, and be clasped in Ned's strong arms, never to leave them again! She rose with a wild impulse to hurry straight after them, but her knees bent under her. She had not known how much this sudden emotion had taken away her strength.

The Widow O'Keefe pressed her tenderly back in her chair, and Sammy held a glass to her lips and spilled a trickle of water on her chin. She smiled at them both, for she was very fond of them; then the widow drove Sammy from the room and put June on the bed, and took off her little shoes, and drew the blinds, and left her alone to cry it out. And the Widow O'Keefe rasped her own eyes with lumpy knuckles as she closed the door.

June sat suddenly bolt upright and dried her eyes and hunted for her shoes. How have everything looked in the room! Why, everything was gone! And where was Marie?

Marie had just turned the corner of Officer Dowd's post when there came swiftly toward her a family limousine which she remembered with a jump in her breast.

Suddenly there was a loud rattle of joy from a handsome coupe sitting beside the driver, and Bouncer, who never left his seat when in the city, was halfway to the curb in one spring. With a shriek Marie headed for the nearest alley, Bouncer barking happily at her heels.

Five voices yelled for Jerry to stop, but it was unnecessary. That good chauffeur had used both brakes, and the Moores, the Blithers and Ned Warner all tried to crowd out of the door. While the agitated Bobby blocked the doorway Ned rushed after Marie, but he suddenly found himself breastbone to breastbone with Officer Dowd.

"Excuse me," said Officer Dowd, still breathing him. "Was it you or me that's in the road?"

"I want to speak to that young woman," and Ned tried to pass around Officer Dowd as "that young woman," accompanied by the leaping Bouncer, turned swiftly into a narrow alley. The last flash of her was a red and white striped stocking.

Officer Dowd was at this moment one of the most awkward men on the force. He had tried to shove around Ned, and now they met again, breastbone to breastbone.

"Get out of my way!" yelled Ned.

"Who you orderin'?" retorted Officer Dowd.

"She was a servant of mine," said Moore.

"Did she steal anything?" demanded Dowd.

"No."

"Then it's none of my business," and Officer Dowd looked toward the alley with a twinkling dawning in his eye. Marie knew every turn and twist within ten blocks of the Corners. "Go on and speak to the lady."

They went down to the alley mouth and looked in. There was a wilderness of crooked byways and no Marie visible.

"Where to, sir?" asked Jerry.

"The Widow O'Keefe's!" declared Ned.

(Continued Next Thursday.)

ADVERTISED LETTERS

United States Postoffice, Rock Island, Ill., Feb. 22, 1915. Advertiser List No. 8:

Joe Anderson, Miss Hazel N. Brady, Mrs. E. F. Bennett, Mrs. R. N. Banks, William Belton, Jack Burns, Allen E. Brett, Alvin Grim, Miss Elsie Dettus, Mrs. Mary Derroman, Harry Danielson, Miss Beattie Ewing, Mrs. H. S. Fraser, R. D. Gorman, Miss Clara Hardin, Miss Minna Halden, Mrs. R. A. Hill, Mrs. Fern Heckman, John F. Hundley, Glenn Hupet, S. Johnson, Miss Tedd Kohen, Mrs. Cora McDonald (2), Henry McGrady, George McLaughlin, Mrs. Tillie Olson, W. T. Quilty, Mrs. Rodert, Mrs. Dortha, Anne Rasmussen, Mrs. A. W. Rogers, Frank Richards, Mrs. H. Sanguist, W. J. Surr, L. I. Smith, George Sherman, C. H. Stone, C. Timm, A. B. Tales, Walter Toles, William H. Tuer, C. Van Cammenbergh, Miss Pearl Wheeler, Miss Erm Wifer, D. P. Wheeler, Woman's Political Equality Club.

HARRY P. SIMPSON, Postmaster.

OLD MISSION BEER

Equal to the Best Imported.

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ARREST NEGRO AS JACK THE PEEPER

CLARENCE CHURCHMAN PICKED UP FOR PROWLING IN THE RESIDENCE SECTION.

Claimed He Was on Way to See His Sweetheart but Forgot Where She Lives—Case Continued.

Clarence Churchman, a negro, was arrested at 11 o'clock Sunday night by Chief of Police James Brinn on suspicion of being a Jack the Peeper. Brinn spied Churchman loitering about the vicinity of Twenty-second street and Eleventh avenue. When asked what he was doing Churchman explained that he was on his way to call on his best girl, but could not explain where she lived. Churchman was given a preliminary hearing this morning by Magistrate Smith on a disorderly charge and his case continued to March 4. He is being held under \$400.

Seen Last Night?

In spite of the arrest Jack the Peeper continues his visits in the residential sections of the city. Last night people residing in the neighborhood of Twenty-second street and Eleventh avenue were frightened by a face peering into the window. Several of the men chased the prowler, but he escaped in the darkness. The peeper is either a foreigner or a negro, as all who have caught a glimpse of the culprit describe him as being dark complexioned.

The peeper first made his appearance in the vicinity of Twenty-fourth street and Seventh avenue, then in the neighborhood of Twenty-third street and Ninth avenue and has now changed the scene of his prowling to the bluff district. At 12:30 Sunday morning the police were notified that a strange man was seen about the premises of John Tremann, 741 Twenty-third street. When the police arrived the man had disappeared.

Theater

ILLINOIS.

Feb. 28—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

March 1 and one week—Melrose the Great, hypnotic hilarity.

March 8—Billy Watson's "Beef Trust Beauties" (burlesque).

March 15—Al H. Woods presents original company in "Fotash & Perlmutter."

March 20—Academy Producing company presents May Robinson in "Martha-by-the-Day." Only appearance in trillities.

March 27-28—Lyman H. Howe Travel Festival presents the United States navy.

EMPIRE.

Feb. 24—Oliver Drama Players in "The Lure."

Feb. 25-27—Oliver Drama Players in "The Vinegar Buyer."

MAJESTIC.

Tuesday—Madge Lessing in "The Blue Mouse" as played by the late Mabel Harrison. (Seven parts).

Wednesday—David Belasco presents Bessie Barriscale and star cast in "The Rose of the Rancho" by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully. (Five parts).

Thursday—George Kleine presents "Julius Caesar" with special cast of "Cabrila" and "Quo Vadis" stars, including Anthony Novelli. (Six parts).

Friday—The Shuberts present "A Daughter of the People" with Laura Sawyer, Frederick De Belleville and Robert Broderick. (Five parts).

Saturday—Special double feature bill. G. M. Anderson ("Broncho Billy"), Marguerite Clayton, True Boardman and Harry Todd in "The Tell Tale Hand" and a two-reel Keystone comedy, featuring a big cast of Keystone favorites.

Sunday—George Kleine presents

MEAT CAUSE OF KIDNEY TROUBLE

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach aches, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

Harper House pharmacy. (Adv.)

"The Naked Truth," a modern drama in five parts.

COLONIAL.

Tuesday—"Detective Craig's Coup," five reels.

Wednesday—"The Colonel's Wife," three reels.

Thursday—"An Eye for an Eye," four reels.

Friday—"Runaway June," seventh episode.

Saturday—"While the Fire Raged," five reels.

Sunday—"The Walls of Jericho," with Edmund Breese.

DREAMLAND.

Tuesday—"For Her Father's Sins," "Hogan's Wild Oats."

Wednesday—"The Man Who Died," "Dark Lovers' Play," "In a Conservatory," "Jumping Into Happiness."

Thursday—"Old Jackson's Girl," "Trapped by Hellographs," "Girl in Question."

Friday—"Politically Tired," "Bridal Bouquets," "Our Mutual Girl."

Saturday—"A Joke on Yellowstone," "Bottomless Pit."

Sunday—"Second Childhood," "Old Fisherman's Story," "The Gentleman Crook and the Lady," episode 10 of Zolara.

BLACK HAWK.

Tuesday—"A Strand of Blonde Hair," "The Cruel Crown."

Wednesday—"Cousin Pons," "It's a Bear."

Thursday—"The Mystery of the Yellow Sunbonnet," "He Wanted His Pants."

Friday—Second episode of "Hazards of Helen," "Everything Against Him," "The Devil and Mrs. Walker."

Saturday—"The Fatal Opal."

Sunday—"A Recent Confederate Victory," "Out of the Past," "A Double Elopement."

AT THE ILLINOIS.

There is no gainsaying the popularity of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which comes to the Illinois Feb. 28. It has proven an inexhaustible fountain of mirth for amusement lovers.

"Mrs. Wiggs" has charms that soothe the most hardened of "theaters," and almost all of the characters in the play are distinct and highly interesting types. Playgoers in renewing their acquaintance with Mrs. Wiggs, Lover Jane, Miss Hazy, Mr. Stubbins, Little Tommy and the other delightful characters of the play find a common bond of sympathy and union. It is a piece which, because of its originality and Dickens-like sweetness of humor, genial wit and wholesome philosophy, appeals to all classes. The play itself clearly fulfills its mission—that of sunshine and laughter, imbued with a wholesome and optimistic philosophy. Grace Leith, who appears as the quaint, motherly Mrs. Wiggs, is scoring the hit of her career in this part, so full of heart interest. The same is true of Carrie Weller, as Miss Hazy, the meek and shiffling neighbor of Mrs. Wiggs, and of George Howard, in the role of Hiram Stubbins. Both are distinctly old characters and rich in humorous possibilities. Pretty Marie Hodgkins, the clever impersonator of Lover Mary, whose runaway flight from the orphanage with Little Tommy furnishes the central thread of the plot, makes the most of that highly sympathetic character, and is altogether natural in her interpretation of the role.

AT THE MAJESTIC.

The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play company announces the forthcoming release of "The Rose of the Rancho," by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully, with an all-star cast headed by Bessie Barriscale. In "The Rose of the Rancho" motion picture authorities see a new venue in screen art, in that, after reviewing the picture at a private performance, the unanimous opinion was that this picture exceeded any and all American productions in point of productive thoroughness and artistic novelties. The Lasky company staged "The Rose of the Rancho" at Monterey, San Jose and Hollywood, Cal., in the exact locale of the piece. "The Rose of the Rancho" comes to the Majestic tomorrow.

MAN HAS HAND AND WRIST CUT IN A SALOON FIGHT

Harry McNellis, who walked into the police station yesterday afternoon with a badly lacerated right hand, was released last night after the injury had been dressed by a physician. At first McNellis refused to explain how he was hurt, but later admitted that he had been thrown out of a Second avenue saloon.

After being ejected he got up and made a pass at the bartender, but missed him and his fist went through the glass pane in the door, inflicting two painful cuts. As no complaint was lodged against him he was released.

LICENSED TO WED

Alfred J. Meuser Washington, Ia.
Edna Jacobs Washington, Ia.
Carl Carlson Moline
Margaret Sebastian Rock Island
Herbert Vogler Osco, Ill.
Mrs. Bernadine Munson Osco, Ill.
Ed Rhoades Davenport
Mrs. Leah Hart Davenport

Drunk is Fined.

William Hughes, arrested last night by Officer Frankhouser, was fined \$1 and costs this morning and released. Hughes had taken on more wet cargo than was good for him.

GRANT ZIMMERMAN

Planting, trimming and pruning trees, shrubbery, etc., and landscape gardening.

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1007 15th St., Rock Island, Ill.

Where to Dine in Chicago

IN Chicago many begilded show-place restaurants derive most of their revenue from visitors to the city. Those are not the places regularly patronized by residents.

The sensible Chicagoan knows that in those places he cannot get the value of his money and that his wife and daughters may be brought in contact with undesirable people. Therefore he prefers a restaurant such as

HENRICI'S

67 W. Randolph

which for 46 years has catered to those Chicagoans who demand the choicest food products properly served at reasonable but not cheap prices.

When in Chicago Dine Well, Without Extravagance

NO WINES—NO LIQUORS—NO ORCHESTRAL DIN

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CITY CHAT

(Advertisements.)

Buy a home of Reidy Bros. For express, call William Trefo. Tri-City Towel Supply company. Independent Express & Storage R. 1. 981.

Wear a \$2 (union made) hat. Men's Fashion Shop, Harper house block.

Pay taxes at room 59, State Bank Building. Open Saturday evenings.

Notice.

C. J. Schnick, 420 Seventeenth street, is now open with a full line of bicycles, sundries, and general repairing. My guarantee: Satisfied customers.—(Adv.)

Notice.

After this date I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife. JOHN P. HOFFMAN. Feb. 22, 1915. —(Adv.)

French scientists have found that rubber, unless kept in perfectly dry air, is subject to the attacks of microbes.

SAFELY PLAYHOUSE IN THE CITY

19th St.—4th Ave. THEATRE

OLIVER DRAMA PLAYERS

TONIGHT, AT 8:15

The startling white slave drama "THE LURE"

Everybody's talking about it. Last chance to see it tomorrow night

TONIGHT IS DOLL NIGHT